THE GREAT ZEPPELIN PERIL! See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 485. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 1900 63

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Sept. 18th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Sept. 18th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

.....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Sept. 18th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 485. Week ending Saturday, September 18th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,250,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for September 11th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 85,959 and 730,408.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our Campaign.

This week we are at Bath, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester and Leamington Spa; whilst our programme next week comprises Southampton and Weymouth, and we are provisionally booked for Salisbury, Reading and Guildford.

Britain for the British.

In connection with our various meetings we have lately done a good deal of motoring through the country, and every day we have been more and more struck with the folly of people going abroad in summer time. Our latest tours have been along the Wye Valley—whilst another wonderful run was from Weston-super-Mare to Bristol—through the famous Cheddar gorge. No more foreign summer "resorts" for us!

Then and Now.

Talking of our meetings, what a marvellous change a few years have wrought in the attitude of the provincial press towards them. Before the war, it was difficult to secure more than the most meagre reports, whilst now whole pages are frequently given to our speeches. Evidently we have been "discovered" at last!

Thanks, Jack!

Here was a pretty little incident which occurred at Newport station the other morning. We were on the platform when a train pulled up near us, carrying a number of sailors; and in a moment we heard a lusty voice calling out, "Good old JOHN BULL—*we all love you.*" These words fell very gratefully on our ears.

Don't Worry.

We refer to the Zeps. If you should have the misfortune to sustain any injury—to either person or property—*we* pay. See page ii. of cover.

Such is Fame!

Overheard at Porthcawl, South Wales (as we alighted from our car): "He ain't much like his photo *on the cover*, is he?" Would that we were!

"The King."

We have been shown an "official" intimation to barrack messes to the effect that there is no objection to officers drinking the health of his Majesty—*provided it is done in non-alcoholic liquor!* Whoever was responsible for such a ridiculous effusion?

Uncle Sam.

Is Uncle really going "soft," or is he merely fooling us? To be satisfied with Germany's latest submarine "concession"—that she won't kill any crew which, being attacked, makes no effort to ram the submarine and surrenders without protest, is simply to make Germany's power for mischief stronger than ever.

A Hint to the Red Cross.

Passing along Coventry Street the other day we glanced down that *cul de sac* known as Arundell Street, in which stand those once famous Italian hotels, now closed down; and we couldn't help reflecting what an ideal spot it would be for a military hospital—convenient for all the London stations, and, with the exception of the little West End Hotel and a few private houses, secluded from the bustle and turmoil of London life. We present the idea to the Red Cross.

The R.N. Air Service.

As we were the first to announce, the Naval Air Service is being reorganised—not before it was necessary. The dissatisfaction amongst the men, upon whom pressure is being brought to induce them to transfer to other departments, is intense; and what about that fleet of armoured cars—mostly Rolls Royces, costing over £1,000 each? Are they to be handed over to the A.S.C., and, if so, will at least one R.N.A.S. man be allotted to each machine?

The Premier's Joke.

It is wonderful how many funny things you come across in reading such a book as "JOHN BULL'S Diary of the War." For instance, you will find Mr. Asquith assuring the nation that the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the War Office was a purely temporary arrangement, *and that "his post in Egypt would be kept open for him"!* Lucky man, Lord Kitchener!

Watch Russia.

That's all.

Zeppelins. Don't Worry. *We* pay.

Ponsonby Replies.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's reply to the resolution passed by the Stirling Burghs Liberal Association censuring him for his unpatriotic attitude towards the war, is what one might expect. "As to active support of the Government," says he, "there are certain aspects of the vast issues raised by the war which have been engaging my attention, and to which I am devoting myself. I consider this work necessary, and of the very greatest national importance. I am, therefore, concerning myself with a form of activity which I firmly believe is of real value to my country." Mr. Ponsonby's activity is being manifested in connection with the seditious association of pacifist pro-Germans which is doing its best for the enemy and the worst for this country, under the name of "The Union of Democratic Control." Mr. Ponsonby is, therefore, closely associated with E. D. Morel (*alias* Deville), Carl Heath, Charles Trevelyan, von McDonald Ramsay, and other Anglo-Bosches of the same despicable type; and his proper place, with them, is in the Tower of London. We trust the electors of Stirling Burghs will not allow themselves to be fooled by their discreditable member's soft sawder. Mr. Ponsonby was publicly called a traitor at Leicester, and so incensed the patriotic spirit of some of his audience that he was attacked on his platform by a soldier. For the sake of its honour, Stirling Burghs must grudge no effort to rid itself of such a man.

Good Guardians.

There is at least one Board of Guardians who, after considering Mr. Long's circular upon economy, promptly discountenanced any interference with the diet of poor folk in their charge. This is a refreshing change from other Boards, noted by us as setting to work to consider what could be docked from the food of inmates. The good Guardians are the Board of Hardingstone, who resolved that, "under the present conditions of the country, viz., good wages and little unemployment, they do not think any material changes should be made which might affect the maintenance and comfort of the poor." The dietary of the poor is not over luxurious or too sumptuous at the best of times, and we cordially agree with Hardingstone that there is no need to cut it down just yet. But those Guardians had a little more to say on the subject of that economy recommended to them by the Local Government Board: "Ministers and members of Parliament should set an example by reducing their own emoluments." Whatever *will* Whitehall think of that?

Putting On the Screw.

The man who borrows money on mortgage is necessarily in the power of the mortgagee from that moment onwards, until the delicious day comes when the debt is cleared off, with all interest, fees, costs and expenses. And when any extra payment is to be made on account of the property, it is the mortgagor who pays it. The Westbourne Park Permanent Building Society sent out a circular letter to their borrowers, requiring payment by them of the premium on the Government Insurance Scheme against "aircraft risk." And they would take no denial; no offer to pay a proportion of the premium was accepted. The notion was scouted. Instead, came the threat, "Unless you pay we shall be reluctantly obliged to give the usual notice calling in the mortgage." To call in the mortgage would mean ruin to many a small business man. So the borrower must once again recognise his position as bottom dog, and find the money quick, on the nail. For the bottom dog dare not bark, much less bite. He can only growl. But what about the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act—which may have some bearing on the matter?

The Great Surrender.

Mr. Speaker's suggestion that it is high time members of Parliament declined, on patriotic grounds, to receive their £400 a year salary, which, in more prosperous times and without the sanction of the country, they voted to themselves, has excited the indignation and alarm of our dear old friend the *Daily News*. In a leaderette, that somewhat chastened journal allows itself the satisfaction of a cheap jibe at the Speaker for not immediately displaying the courage of his convictions by resigning the £5,000 a year which are the emoluments of his office. This unworthy attempt to convict Mr. Lowther of inconsistency fails for the reason, obvious to all but the *Daily News*, that the Speaker is a parliamentary official, with defined responsibilities, and specific duties to perform: whereas the members are more or less irresponsible individuals, free (*pace* the Whips) to come and go, to attend or stay away, as the inclination may move, or the sense of their responsibilities towards their constituents troubles them. Moreover, the *Daily News* cannot say but that it might be the Speaker's intention to forgo his stipend in the event of the House of Commons deciding upon that act of renunciation.

Where Bombs Dropped.

"After the raid," a reader tells us, a complaint was lodged with the authorities about the excessive light of the street lamps, and this has been rectified. But, we are assured, the lights in the trams are as brilliant as ever. They are shining streams of light, excellent marks for bombardment from the air, and we are asked to enter a vigorous protest against so palpable an invitation to the sky-pirates to take more precious lives and do more wanton damage to property. We are, of course, debarred from pointing to the exact spot on the map to which reference is made, but it scarcely seems necessary to particularise. All towns, cities, or boroughs running trams should see to it that the light in those very necessary vehicles is judiciously shrouded. Regulations must be made to that effect, and, being made, must be obeyed. Or let justice be done upon the offender.

Loyal Labour.

At the Trades Union Congress at Bristol, the fixed determination of organised labour to prosecute the war to a victorious issue found eloquent expression. "The war is a death grapple between systems that cannot co-exist if freedom is to be more than a name," declared the Chairman, while Mr. Ben Tillett, his native patriotism quickened by a recent visit to the Front, invited his hearers to take their places "in fighting reactionary forces in Germany, and in our own country." Subsequent speakers, including the veteran, H. M. Hyndman, were a trifle obsessed by the fear of Conscription, but upon the main issues of the war there was a striking measure of unanimity. It remains for these excellent professions to be translated into terms of ungrudging service to the common cause. *There must be no more strikes.*

Devon's Devotion.

It actually had to be put to the vote by the Ilfracombe District Council as to whether they should grant the request of their Sanitary Inspector, who, having joined the R.A.M.C., asked that his position might be kept open for him until his return, and the difference between his Army pay and his official salary be made up during his absence. It is true that the division showed 6 to 4 in favour of the patriotic thing, but it is appalling to find on the Council of a town of such importance even four men incapable of appreciating the issues at stake, and of rising to the occasion.

The "John Bull" Pen is really a gift Pen.

Botha's Burden.

Botha needs must be a strong man, for the Germans are not the only enemies he has to contend with; there are still disloyal Boers, who do not even seek to disguise their treacherous sentiments. From the Transvaal comes a little story to the point. A letter was sent by the Kroonstad Municipality inviting the Parys Council to co-operate in entertaining the troops from the South-West. No decision was come to. Councillors Erasmus, Moll, and De Villiers were against voting money for such a purpose, and the first-named remarked that a good sjamboking would be better for them than entertainments! A Transvaal critic, with a keen eye to conditions in Great Britain, says that such a remark may be safely made here, or out there; but in Germany, if a man were to traduce the troops in the words of Mr. Erasmus, that man would be shot out of hand. It is one of the very few cases where we might do well by acting in the German way. And, in that event, Mr. Erasmus would not be in want of company.

Whose Fault.

Charged at the West London Police Court with stealing two loaves from a baker's barrow, Timothy Buckley, "a white-bearded, frail-looking man, aged 72," informed the Magistrate that he had four sons in the British Army, one of whom had already been wounded. How this sire of patriots had been reduced to the necessity of stealing food does not appear from the newspaper report. Perhaps he had been "improvident," or maybe there had been some hitch in the official arrangements for his maintenance. Whatever the explanation, we are permitted to know that the poor old man "ate ravenously some bread and butter given him at the police-station." A day's imprisonment was allowed to purge his offence. May we venture to hope that the episode has not escaped the official eye?

The Sunday Band.

A band concert on Sunday afternoon has, for the first time on record, been given in the park at Bacup, and the Vicar of a neighbouring church has got his back up most prodigiously. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, of St. Saviour's, thought it was an abominable use of the park, and it pained him. England had become a Sabbath-breaking nation, and adopted the worship of false gods in her churches and chapels—all because Bacup had a little open-air music the other Sunday! The reverend gentleman referred to the late owner of the estate, and asked what he would have thought of it all. Had he lived to see the day, that gentleman, being a public benefactor, would perhaps have freed his mind of narrow prejudice, and rejoiced to see Bacup's sons and daughters enjoying fresh air and good music, to the benefit of their souls, their minds, and their bodies.

Stenography and Sense.

We notice in the current issue of the *Phonographic Observer*—a beautifully lithographed shorthand magazine—the following reference to us:—

> Says JOHN BULL: "A Roll of Dishonour. What about a Roll of Traitors—mad M.P.s, dismissed officers, pro-German journalists, etc.? Shall we commence to compile it?" It is wanted, and the sooner the better. Your article, JOHN, in your issue of July 31st, entitled "A Strange Discovery," is worth all the "chicken-food" served up in a month in some of the morning papers. Why don't the patriotic ones say so, quote you, and back you and Dalziel up?

We much appreciate the paragraph.

"Bullets" Booming.

First prize, for this week only, £500. Now is your chance!

"Britain's Sins."

Apropos of the paragraph which appeared under the above heading in our issue of August 28th, the Rev. W. Bothamley, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham, appears to think we are hard to please. He has written us to that effect; and in the course of his note points out that the condensed report of his sermon, by which we were guided, omitted the sentence: "I do not allude to the Empire. Within it blood and treasure have not been spared. But without it I do not remember when we have risked anything to help the down-trodden." His reverence has apparently forgotten that our sailors risked their lives for years to suppress the slave traffic, and that our treasure was given with both hands to emancipate the slaves in America. Those are but two of innumerable instances wherein the British people have disinterestedly sacrificed both blood and money ungrudgingly and without stint. Mr. Bothamley must think again before he can succeed in convincing us that the present war is a special judgment upon us from Heaven. All the same, we admit it is a salutary lesson—*especially to the Church.*

Pen and Sword.

Like several other distinguished commanders from the time of Julius Cæsar, Sir Ian Hamilton is his own war correspondent, and his finely written dispatches from the Dardanelles are likely to rank among the classics of war literature. Already they constitute a record of valour and endurance unmatched in military annals. Even to the obtuse German mind, it should at length be apparent that in the Gallipoli peninsula the impossible, from the Teutonic standpoint, is in daily process of realisation. While army corps of loyal British colonists have fought with the fury of fanatics for the honour and glory of the Motherland, their efforts have been seconded by recruits from home, to whose prentice efforts seasoned veterans have paid their ungrudging tribute of respect. What a lesson for the Bernhardi school—and it has yet to be rubbed in!

To Hell with the Huns!

The British Citizen Movement, with headquarters at Johannesburg, is bending its utmost efforts to the eradication of German influences in South Africa. The objects of the movement, as stated by the Petitioners Committee, are to ensure that, "It shall be neither lawful nor possible for any German or his agent to transact business in British South Africa, in person or by deputy, or to occupy any position of authority or control over British subjects." To this end it is urged, "That all persons acting on behalf of German interests shall be required to hand over to the State such agencies, together with all securities, cash and documents belonging thereto, the same to be administered for the benefit of genuine British subjects." We fancy the bull-pups can give the old dog points.

"Pity the Poor Blind:"

A certain Bournemouth lady appears to be overwhelmed with pity for the blind. Her heart, apparently, is aching with sorrow for those of our heroic soldiers who are doomed no more to look upon the light of day. Eager to "do her bit" to assuage their suffering and bring some little brightness into their darkened lives, she recently advertised as follows:—

> To Blind and Wounded Soldiers.—Gentlewoman offers very comfortable HOME; two received, two guineas each weekly; bathroom, garden.—20554, *Bournemouth Daily Echo* Office.

Who now dare say that charity is dead? And who shall affirm that our heroes, broken and blinded in the wars, are to be neglected?

Be posted on facts. Get "John Bull's" Diary of the War.

Concerning the Collection.

Some of the secrets of the collection plate are divulged in his Parish Magazine by the Rev. F. H. Roach, Vicar of Wednesfield. He says he does not like preaching or writing about money matters, but "a good number of people have not the faintest idea of the duty and privilege of giving" their money at a church service. And then he tells us about one Sunday evening, when there was a well-dressed congregation. Seeing that goodly gathering in front of him, clad in fine raiment, no doubt the Vicar expected a good haul when the plate went round, and he describes feelingly how "the Sidesmen collected the alms of the people and brought them up to the Chancel. . . . The ceremony was dignified and impressive"—but, alas! the proceeds did not pan out well, for eager eyes and ready fingers, counting up the contents of the alms dish in the vestry, found them to consist of 96 halfpennies, 123 pence, 10 threepenny-bits and 4 sixpences, coppers enow, but plaguey little silver. The Vicar sarcastically says the result would have been creditable to a congregation of old age pensioners and children, but, as it was—well here, only 14 people, the threepenny and sixpenny customers, "paid for the lighting and cleaning of the church and for the music they enjoyed." The modest parson says not a word about his sermon—they got that thrown in for their "tanner." His figures are instructive, as showing the lowest mean rate at which you should shell out when you go to church in your best clothes. Be on the silver side, and feel good.

Two Rabbits.

According to the evidence given in the Birmingham Police Court, a railway signalman "was seen by Parcels Foreman Taylor to take the (two) rabbits from a box on No. 5 Platform on Friday night, walk round the refreshment room, and then drop them into the box again." We have quoted the passage word for word from the newspaper report, because upon that evidence the signalman was actually charged with "stealing two rabbits worth 2s. from New Street Station." The man had been in the Company's service for thirty-nine years, and it was pleaded that, if he were convicted, "he would lose, not only his situation, but his pension." And yet the Magistrate thought fit to say, "It is impossible to resist the conclusion that you intended to steal them," and fined the man £3. Not only do we "resist the conclusion" that the defendant intended to steal the rabbits, but we say there was absolutely no proof whatever of any such intention. While, if it was a case of "intention," why was the man charged with "stealing"? Because he stole nothing; he picked up two rabbits, and put them down again. If the fine of £3 amounts to a conviction, and if that means that the signalman loses his place and his pension, then crying injustice has been done.

A Children's Joy Day.

Strange indeed is it to note how clergymen insist on going out of their way to make themselves unpopular, and yet wonder why people are not zealous in their attendance at church. There is an annual festivity at Hedon, near Hull, known as the Children's Joy Day, a regularly recurring feast of enjoyment that has become quite a popular institution. The Vicar this year set his face sternly against the children making merry for their one day of treat, for are not these times of gloom even for the little innocent kiddies? Fortunately, despite clerical frowns and disapprobation, other people took the affair in hand, and Hedon turned out to give their tiny ones their Day of Joy; and there were games, and races, and cakes, and War Loan vouchers for prizes. Everybody was thoroughly happy, except the Vicar.

Dear "Millicent" Again.

Our revelations about "Millicent" Forbes, the matrimonial fee-snatcher of the Brick House, Wimbish, Essex, continue to bring us samples of his illiterate and humbugging correspondence. An Easingwold reader had just forwarded to "Millicent" a cheque, when she noticed what we had to say about the impostor. She at once telegraphed to the bank to stop payment. As a result, "Millicent" was so beside himself that he could not keep his hair on. "Madam," he screeched the first available post, "I have to inform you that as the outcome of your dirty action in not having cheque honoured sent me in view of introduction to a client of mine to your Daughter and of you having been the means of me witholding the said client on your undertaking, That failing the remittance of One Guinea per return of post to reach here no late than Tuesday Morning. That I am at once instructing my Solicitors to give Service to a firm of Solicitors in your vicinity to enter action in Local County Court for recovery of same and Costs entailed and for my loss of business in matter. The cheque has been present twice and dishonoured and have rung up my solicitors re same and they are willing to recover on a dishonoured Cheque and all that is entailed re same. Yours truly, Millicent Forbes. No future Cheque accepted in lieu of detaining procedure." That's all—for the present.

Government Buyers.

A cautious farmer acquaints us with a new version of an old trick. There came to his door two men with a tale; they were buying "scrap" for the Government! He doubted them, and said so, whereupon he was handed a little bill, which they called a card. "Notice," it began: "Every Pound is needed at the present time to keep the British Flag Flying. We are authorised, as the Sole Agents, to buy up all we mention on this card." Some of the things they "mentioned" were Old Iron, Old Lead, Copper, Old Rags, Bones and Old Bags, and there was this appealing addition: "If it is only a handful we shall be thankful." As our farmer friend found a difficulty in getting rid of his visitors, he finally offered them about 120 old bags—not less. They were torn, but not rotten. And that couple of buyers for the Government offered him—sixpence for the lot. All they got from the farmer was a marching order, and they went, leaving nothing behind them but an unpleasant memory and their "card," with this address, "W. Elliot, Bradford, Yorkshire." We believe Bradford is rather a large place; if we are correct in our surmise, Mr. Elliot's address is somewhat vague.

Pitch-and-Toss.

Two months' hard labour is a heavy sentence for a game of pitch-and-toss. It was dealt out at Sunderland to two men for playing the game on the Moor, one a man of 50, the other of 38, so they were not idle young skulkers who ought to have been in khaki; just a couple of working-men chancing their coppers in a gamble, pitching and tossing their pennies in the open air on the Moor—instead of risking their shillings and sovereigns over the green baize table in the card-room at the club. We are not saying pitch-and-toss is an amusement to be encouraged, but we think the punishment was a monstrous one to impose on two elderly fellows for diverting themselves with it on a Saturday afternoon. Quite naturally the police want pitch-and-toss put an end to as a form of *al fresco* entertainment, but the opening prosecutions might have ended more mercifully. Some Magistrates seem not to have heard of the First Offenders' Act, or else they regard it as a dead letter.

Look out for big developments in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Story of a "School."

Dickens closed the cruel "Yorkshire schools" when he drew the character of Mr. Wackford Squeers, but he did not imagine anything more revolting than the treatment meted out to little Violet Fraser, a girl of nine, at Wentworth House, Salford Road, Ainsdale—a school kept by Amy M'Phail and Gertrude M'Phail, maiden ladies, and daughters of a clergyman. These women, brought up before the Southport Justices for neglecting and ill-treating the child, received one month's imprisonment in the second division, and it was no more than their deserts. £20 a year was paid for Violet's "education," but she was turned into the household drudge of the establishment, where no servant was kept, and where she was put to wash and scrub, being seemingly treated like a little slave. Yet all this was nothing in comparison with the fact that the girl was made to attend the imbecile brother of the "ladies." He is a raving idiot of forty; she had to wash him when he was naked in bed, and clothe him completely—beginning with his shirt. We do not pretend to be squeamish, but we must decline to print some of the evidence, hinting only that the little girl was set to tickle the feet of the man and to allow him to place his toes in her mouth! These things were only discovered because Violet's mother chanced to call at the "school" unexpectedly, and at once took the poor child away. One scarcely knows which feeling is the stronger—pity for little Violet Fraser, or indignation against the "ladies" now, thank heaven! in gaol.

Cars and Lights.

An observant gentleman sends us a few facts which we must not mention just at present, but there are one or two incidents we may refer to. He was staying in a provincial town and, like a good citizen, retiring to roost about 10.30 p.m., on the third floor of his hotel, when a policeman called to him to extinguish his light, a candle. Still behaving like a good citizen, he doused his glim—and then saw a car, with a brilliant head light and two other lights, stop at the door of his hotel, in the principal street, and remain there undisturbed for some time. The same thing occurred on succeeding nights, as many as ten or twelve cars coming into the High Street and standing there for sometimes fifteen minutes. And they were nearly all occupied by officers in uniform! It was the same on the roads—officers' cars with blinding illumination. He said what he thought of things to several people in authority, but nothing was done by the police. He hints, however, that—perhaps—Zeppelins have visited the unnamed town referred to. But we must not confirm this at present.

"Iron Justice."

The petition to the King on behalf of the girl clerk in the Post Office, has, unfortunately, not met with success, his Majesty having been advised by the Home Secretary not to interfere with the severe sentence imposed by Mr. Justice Ridley. There is always the feeling that an offence by a public official should receive extra punishment, and this probably accounts for the further postponement of that happy ending to a sad story to which we had looked forward. But it will come in time. One point in connection with this case has scarcely received sufficient attention. It is the practice followed in Post Offices when accounts are made up and balanced at the end of the day. If there is any shortage in the till, the deficiency has to be made good by the clerks. If there is any surplus, it is retained by the Post Office. It is an unhealthy system, leading to temptation.

The Lady Thief.

Mrs. Amy Jones, of 1, Burdale Place, Bradford, is a lady with ample means of her own, including £1,000 invested, and other moneys. So she went to the shop of Messrs. Lingard and stole various small articles. There was no excuse for her thefts, and she pleaded guilty. A doctor got into the witness box and said that, "owing to her weak state of health she would not be quite responsible for her actions at the time." Her husband promised to look after her, and the Magistrate, "having regard to the special circumstances," bound her over in £10 to come up for judgment if called upon—in other words, she went free. Now, you poor woman, without a penny in the world, perhaps hungry, and with hungry little ones at home, do not gather from this that you will be let off if you steal a loaf of bread or a rasher of bacon. Do not expect any doctor will say your weak state of health—though you may be dropping from sheer exhaustion, overwork, and starvation—made you not responsible for your actions. Even if you have a husband out of work and he promises to look after you, do not think his word will be taken. Do not be misled into any such belief, for you will get seven days' hard, at the least, as sure as you were born. You see, you have not "ample means."

Down the Gateway.

We do not like this advertisement in one of the daily papers: "Women wanted for factory on Government work; wages starting 3d. per hour. London Tinplate Co., 384, Old Street, Shoreditch (down gateway)." It is rather poor pay for "Government work"—threepence an hour; two shillings for a day of eight hours. And it is the "starting" rate, too; who knows but what it may be a trifle less after a week or two!—though it could not very well be much less. It is a blood-sucking rate, a starvation wage for the Government to pay. A charwoman gets more; she gets half-a-crown a day, with her meals, and a glass of beer, and sometimes a thing or two in the way of old clothes from a kindly mistress. But, if a woman turns her hand to Government work, she gets offered her a dreadful threepence an hour—"down the gateway," indeed!

"The Blind Woman of Leeds."

Our readers will remember Mary Malone, the blind woman about whom we wrote when she was "moved on" from her accustomed seat by the church railings. The Magistrate warned her that she must not return to her pitch, and the poor, sightless creature cried, "Then where am I to go?" Her case was left in the hands of the Police Superintendent, and we said we were sure he would be kind to her. Our words were amply justified, for we understand that he has been instrumental in procuring her an allowance of 8s. a week, with a prospect of an early increase in the amount. He has also been good enough to hand to the afflicted woman the sum of 10s., subscribed by readers.

Next Gentleman, Please!

Theodore Sington, an Old Trafford journalist, has very properly been sentenced to six months' imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Act, for having sent to an American journal articles "calculated to prejudice his Majesty's relations with foreign Powers." May we take this as an augury that it is the intention of the Government to proceed against *all* British writers guilty of a like offence, and not merely make a scapegoat of a comparatively unknown journalist? If so, quite a number of notorious pacifist writers will soon be cooling their heels in the cells. Justice demands that all should be treated alike.

Our Insurance Claims are paid promptly and freely.

A CABINET SECRET.

ARE THEY SELLING US?—SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.

Since this war broke out we suppose we have addressed not far short of a million people, and we have found two suggestions never fail to arouse enthusiastic approval—growing in intensity as time has gone on, and culminating in a regular tornado of applause at our great recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square the other day. They are (1) That there must be no patched-up peace behind the nation's back—that, as this is a People's war, so shall it be a People's settlement; and (2) That when the time comes for discussing peace terms our representatives, whoever they be, should include Lord Kitchener—just as the Duke of Wellington was the British envoy after the Battle of Waterloo.

Well, we have had our reason for emphasising these points, and we have our reason for emphasising them again to-day. *There is danger ahead. The Government is wobbling.* We must be on our guard.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

Knowing, as we do, the inner working of the political machine, we know where to look for indications of coming developments—and we have been watching closely for them, feeling sure that they would come. And, sure enough, we begin to see them. *The Politicians are preparing the public mind for compromise with Germany.* Of course they will deny it—in carefully chosen phrases; but we know what we are saying. Just compare these two declarations. At the Guildhall, at the beginning of the war, this is what Mr. Asquith said: "We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed on an unassailable foundation, *and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.*" And, in a recent interview with a French journalist, Mr. Lloyd George summarised the British objective thus: "*So long as a single German soldier remains on the soil of France or Belgium*, there is not an Englishman who will dream of peace." Now note the words we have emphasised. In the one case we are not to sheathe the sword till we have "finally destroyed" the "military domination of Prussia"; in the other, we shall be prepared to discuss terms of peace as soon as we have got the Germans out of Flanders and Belgium. And you may be sure that Mr. Lloyd George was speaking with the full authority of his principal colleagues. Remember, it was he who was put up by the Government during the Agadir crisis to make Britain's position clear, and if he was not authorised to make this astounding announcement, the sooner he says so, the better. We cannot afford to have ambiguity in these days; and the very least we are entitled to know is—what we are fighting for. For ourselves, we shall certainly stop recruiting till we do. We will be no party to obtaining men by false pretences. So long as we know what we are doing our voice and pen are at the service of the Government—or, at any rate, of Lord Kitchener; but we will not make fools of the public. Unless we can hold out to them the hope of going to Berlin—well, we will leave matters to the "Parliamentary Recruiting Committee"!

WHAT IT MEANS.

Just consider what this latest declaration means. We are at this moment engaged in active fighting in Flanders. For nearly a fortnight we have been busy bombarding the enemy's trenches and wire entanglements—evidently as a preparatory step to a general offensive movement, and, with our additional munitions and men now in the field, and the German forces in Russia being unable to return, there are more unlikely things than that by October we may have the Huns on the run, and over the Rhine. *Are we then to begin to discuss terms of peace?* Northern France and Belgium and Flanders laid waste; museums, cathedrals, villages destroyed; old men and children murdered; women defiled; a million and a-half of French and half a million British soldiers killed or wounded; and Russian Poland in the hands of the Kaiser! *And Germany intact*—unscathed! Is *she* to have no taste of what she has inflicted upon our Allies and ourselves? Is *she* to go scot free? Come, Mr. Lloyd George, explain your words; we do not like them. They do not ring true. What does Lord Kitchener think of them? Is it for such a peace as *that* he is working night and day? Was it for such a peace as *that* you were appointed Minister of Munitions? You know it was not—and, apparently, you fear that the nation will not tolerate it. Otherwise you wouldn't be asking for more shell workers, and we shouldn't be talking about compulsory military service. *But the danger is there*—and it must be squelched without ceremony. The Guildhall declaration is our War Charter, and it must be interpreted into terms of relentless fighting right through to the German capital—nothing less. When we are there, and not before, we will talk of peace. When we are there, and not before, we shall be in a position to finally destroy "the military domination of Prussia." And the Government must please take that as the final and irrevocable determination of the British people.

A SOLEMN PLEDGE.

And it must not be forgotten that the whole of the new Government—the Coalition—is pledged to this policy. For soon after the outbreak of the war, we had a joint manifesto, signed by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery, pledging Britain to see the thing through. Listen to these words: "There must be no weakening, no wavering, no patched-up truce that would expose our children to a revival of the German menace—probably in circumstances far more terrible for the Empire than those which face us to-day." We called special attention to this pledge in our issue of March 20th last, and added, "*We have our reason for the reminder.*" And now you see we had. We know these politicians. But we now call upon Lord Rosebery to see that he is not "put in the cart."

We say, therefore, that the only way is to set our teeth and go full steam ahead. Our munition factories must work night and day—and so must our coal mines. *And there must be no more strikes.* We have to get ready for the last chapter in the war, which will open on the day when the Germans get over the Rhine, and take refuge behind their own antiquated fortresses. We say "antiquated" advisedly, because, in these days, it is quite obvious that no fortress can withstand the modern siege gun. And France and Britain between them have some very useful articles of this description.

Could anything be more lamentable than what recently occurred at the Trade Union Congress? We had the accredited representatives of Labour pledging themselves to support the Government through the war, and yet being in absolute ignorance of the conditions at present prevailing amongst the workers whom they are supposed to represent. And when Mr. Lloyd George went down to them and told them a few home truths—things known to ourselves for months past, and some of them communicated by us to him—we are informed that the effect was to "dumbfound" and "chloroform" the delegates. And now the Parliamentary Committee are to hold an "inquiry" into the matter. This is almost as bad as Parliament itself. As, however, the inquiry is to be held, we shall be happy to place a good deal of further information at its disposal, showing that, beyond doubt, Trade Union regulations are at present standing in the way of an early and triumphant conclusion of the war. We are all for the workers—but until the enemy has been crushed there must be no such thing as any Trade Union regulation—just as there must be no such thing as a strike—and just as there must be no such thing as allowing the employer to line his pockets by reason of the nation's trouble. In other words, we must all work together for the common end; and we must work with the assumption that, when the Germans have been driven back, instead of an unconditional surrender they may pray for time, and thus delay the formal conclusion of the war till after the winter. Prudence suggests that we should adopt the less favourable view, and get on with our work. That is the only way.

Germany's Game.

Germany is only too well aware of what is going on. She has her friends in high places; she knows all. *And that is the explanation of these Zeppelin raids.* She thinks, or has been given to understand, that if she can sufficiently terrorise the civilian population, the country will be ripe for peace, and that the Government will thus obtain its mandate for an early settlement. It is a deep and subtle scheme. Already the women are in a state of alarm; few of them now go to bed till the early hours of the morning. But that is where we—the men—must come in. We have only to bring down one Zeppelin—and the thing is done. *And we shall bring one down.* It is taking us a long time—but we shall do it; and do it very soon. And then the women will sleep again; and we shall begin to look upon the Zepps. as part of a periodical pyrotechnical display—*if* they come again.

The Only Danger.

That public opinion is behind us in this matter is beyond dispute. At the same time, however, it would be idle to close our eyes to one great danger, and that is the mischievous activities of the peacemongers, who, up to the present, have enjoyed a remarkable, and somewhat suspicious, immunity from official notice. Even at the Trade Union Congress Mr. Lloyd George made a jocular allusion to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald—whose presence as a "Fraternal Delegate" was an insult to the Congress—handing him the specimen shell which was the subject of the "joke," and asking him how he would like a score of them to hit the house which he is building for himself in Scotland. And this complacent attitude towards the Union of Democratic Control, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and other bodies, is having the inevitable effect of bringing into existence a new crop of mischievous organisations, which will not fail to take advantage of the slightest sign of weakening on the part of the Government. We have before us as we write a manifesto issued by the "No Conscription Fellowship," which has the audacity "to voice a protest in the name of a large body of men in this country who, though able-bodied and of military age, will, in the event of coercive measures, be bound by deep conscientious conviction, to decline their services, whatever the consequences of refusal." In the course of this document we are told that for the members of the Fellowship "Thou shalt not kill" is to be taken literally—but nothing is said in regard to another aspect of the present crisis—thou shalt not be killed; and we should much like to watch the attitude of these people in the event of a German invasion. The Chairman of the Fellowship is Clifford Allen, whilst the treasurer revels in the appropriate name of Grubb—and on the committee is C. H. Norman, an active associate of Ramsay Macdonald and his crew. We have forwarded all the documents to the Public Prosecutor, but do not expect to hear anything more than that the matter is "under consideration."

Then we have the "Prepare for Peace Committee," which apparently emanates from Brixton, and which tells us—with a sinister disregard of fact—"in peace time be prepared for war; in war time we must prepare for peace"; "the heart of a German mother is as sweet as the heart of an English woman; the grief of an Austrian girl is not less acute than her Italian sister's; the cries of Turkish and Servian orphans rise up together to the throne of God"—and then comes this significant statement: "With throbbing hearts the peacemakers in Germany and Austria await a sign from the Christians here . . . the German pacifists look to us. Their hymns are our hymns (note—nothing is said about the Hymn of Hate); their religion is our religion; their God is our God." And so we could go on quoting the effusions of all kinds of peace cranks—*and emissaries;* for they are not all cranks. We warn the public against the lot of them. Individually they are impotent and contemptible, but their propaganda, taken in the aggregate, and stimulated by the slightest symptom of official wobbling—and fed by the fears of the weaker section of the population—may easily become a serious menace to the nation and the Empire. Let us be careful that they do not get their opportunity.

THE DEVIL'S HALO.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH NORTH WALES?—THE PERIL OF THE PREACHER.

By A. G. Hales.

The Devil is never so dangerous as when he wears a halo; deck him out in horns and hoofs and half his mischief is nullified. He is wearing a halo in North Wales, and getting in a lot of very fine work on behalf of his chief apostle, William the Kaiser, and the sooner our Government wakes up to the fact, the safer we will be. I have been putting in quite a lot of time of late in North Wales. But for the sight of various military camps, I should not know that the district specified was part and parcel of a country at war with Germany. There is no sign of the awful struggle that is decimating the white world. North Wales is asleep, or profoundly careless concerning the gigantic issues at stake. . . . "It's none of our business" is a formula that would correctly epitomise public sentiment generally. There are a few bolder and broader spirits to be met with, but the great bulk of the populace remains cold to the war. North Wales might be in Lapland, for all its people seem to care about the success or non-success of our arms in the field or on the waves. I have never in all my life seen a community so grossly apathetic. If North Wales were a principality recently conquered by Britain and still resentful concerning the acquisition, it could not well show a more passively hostile temper towards the aims and endeavours of the British arms in this time of crisis. A certain number of men have volunteered for active service; a good many of them are of English, Irish, Scotch and South Wales strains—some are North Welshmen; but there is not one North Welsh volunteer with the colours where there should be fifty.

What Is the Cause?

I have been seeking with an open mind for the cause of this apathy. I know, and knew when I started my quest, that the North Welshman is not a coward; he is not "gun shy"; he is, and always has been, a good fighting man where his sympathies drew him to a cause. Therefore the reason for the present state of things lay hidden somewhere, and I think I have unearthed it. The Devil has been masquerading in a halo—but he couldn't hide his hoof-prints. The men who are mainly answerable for North Welsh sentiment are the popular preachers in the chapels—their fingers are always upon the popular pulse. They are often possessed of a frenzied kind of eloquence, of the desert Dervish order. They preach to the people in their own language, and control them body, brain and soul. The average North Welshman is as much under the thumb of the popular preacher as the Egyptian fellah is under the thumb of the local Mullah. This influence is not confined to religion alone; its ramifications spread through the business life, the family life, and the political life of the people. If a "minister" puts a ban upon a man he is an outcast, a pariah—no one in his little narrow world wants to associate with him, or buy or sell, marry, or swop horses with him; he is under the ban, disabled in this world and damned in the next. They are a very "religious" lot of people, according to their lights, but it is mostly the half-light of the dark lantern. Theirs is not the religion that uplifts and glorifies; it levels down, it puts a soul in a strait-jacket and a brain in a thumbscrew; it does not widen life's horizons, but narrows them down as mountains hem in a valley. It is not a religion of hope, peace and joy; it is hell-fire and brimstone for all who do not see eye to eye with the Mad Mullah who says he has heard the "call," and has dedicated himself to the task of making his fellow-men miserable. Therein is to be found the mischief. The religion of despondency is the curse of this war. And to see it *in excelsis* you must go to North Wales.

What North Welsh Mullahs Do.

Great numbers of these working and serving people glory in the boast that they do not speak English; they are frantically Welsh. A stern German invasion would be the finest kind of revelation that could happen to them; then they would realise what it is to live and flourish, as they never lived or flourished before, under the protecting shadow of the British flag. To a people of their peculiar temperament, the "Chapel Mullah" is an oracle; he is the veritable Voice of God in their fanatical estimation, and they listen and are swayed by his utterances as boughs are swayed by the wind. The Delphic oracles had no more real power in their period than these self-styled chosen of the Most High. They mould public opinion from Drefneurydd to Gaeryybi. They rule their class with a rod of iron, and, taken upon the whole, they are working against the Government in the war. They preach against enlistment, and sow the seeds of discouragement and discontent untiringly. They sneer at the khaki host, forgetting that if it was not for that same khaki army they would soon be under the German heel, their liberties riven from them, their altars defamed, their shrines befouled and dishonoured. They are devilish cunning in their campaign, and do more by house-to-house visiting than from the pulpit. The lads at the plough, the youths at the workshop—thousands of whom would come to the country's assistance if let alone—now hang back because of the sneers that are in circulation; patriotism is being made subservient to political intrigue in the guise of religious instruction; the Devil is doing big work under the halo. They are not all alike, these ministers; there are some big men amongst them who realise that it is in deed and truth a holy war on Britain's part, but there are not many of this order.

Big Broad-Minded Men.

The other side of the picture is represented by the attitude of the Divines of the Church, both Anglican and Roman Catholics. These are responsible for 70 per cent. of the recruits who have enlisted. I doubt if the Chapels in North Wales have sent in 10 per cent. to the colours. Treason is stalking the land, brazen-faced and unashamed; if the same thing happened in Germany the Mad Mullah would be shot. They may be a more turbulent crowd in South Wales; they may be prone to strikes in the coal mines—but they are not under the thumb of the Chapel Mullahs there, and they do enlist to fight for the national cause.

There is one way in which the Government could utilise North Wales: Why not proclaim it a Government munition-making area, and compel all who will not fight to make munitions for those who will? There is a host of smart young fellows to be met with there—I have seen them. What is the matter with Mr. Asquith? Why does he not use these men? It is damnable and detestable nonsense to send to Canada and Australia for men whilst North Wales is full to overflowing with them. What says Mr. Lloyd George? They are his countrymen. Won't he come to their rescue? Wales is on its trial. Let it justify itself.